

# SLUMP DINGER

SLUMP  
EDITION!  
BOFFO SOPHOMORE #2



# PROLIX PREFACE

## HUMDINGER

### NUMBER 2

#### CONTENTS

\*KAREN CARPENTER

PAGE #

PAGE 1

\*TINY TIM

PAGE 3

\*JACK WILD

PAGE 4

\*THE DITH DOOD: STEVEN  
ANDERSON

PAGE 5

\*HUMDINGER OF A PLAYLIST

PAGE 12

\*FRAN LEBOWITZ

PAGE 13

\*BROTHER THEODORE

PAGE 14

\*STAN FREBERG

PAGE 16

\*HUMDINGER READING LIST

PAGE 17

\*NEIL HAMBURGER

PAGE 18

\*HUMDINGER OF A WATCHLIST

PAGE 21

Salutations. How's tricks?

The moniker is Vincent McVincent, see. For those less than acquainted, I am a nincompoop scribbler who relishes reading books and comics, watching cartoons and silent movies, listening to and collecting easy-listening, exotica, novelty records. I am also a self-admitted *Twilight Zone* fanatic and bowling fiend.

To all the teeming masses who have wailed, gnashed their teeth, rioted, and self-immolated in anticipation of the long-awaited second issue of **Humdinger** I say: THE SPLITTING OF YOUR SIDES IS NIGH.

For the love of Mike, 2024 was a transitional year for yours truly. I moved out on

my own, someone I was close to died, I got into a new relationship, crashed, and, to top it all off, this mug turned 30 (woof).

Iffy and unforeseeable as this sojourn on earth gets a cosmic kick out of being, a chap has but two choices: park yourself all stagnant-like until you get all screwy, or jump-start your jalopy smack dab into the horizon. And that is just my intention this year and ever on. Every month a brand-spanking-new issue of **Humdinger** will hit the nonexistent newsstands. It oughta be a hoot. Now, scram! -McVincent





We were all created in Karen Carpenter's image. My grandma had three or four CDs in her minivan she'd endlessly cycle through: *Closer* by Josh Groban, *John Denver's Greatest Hits*, *Queen: Greatest Hits Vol. 1*, and *Singles: 1969-1981* by The Carpenters. My grandma loved to sing along to The Carpenters. She treated their catalogue like hymns. She never seemed more happy than when she'd sing the joyful "Sing" with my aunt in the car.

The CD's cover fascinated me. While Richard stretches across his face a sneer so devious it could curdle the cottage cheese (with ketchup) in Nixon's craw, Karen bears a playful yet resigned grin, almost Sisyphean. Like an older sister who teaches you how to play with matches and when you two accidentally light the family cat's tail on fire, and are summarily reprimanded, she grins at you and shrugs, as if to say "Them's the breaks, kid," before she envelopes you in the closest, impossibly loving embrace.

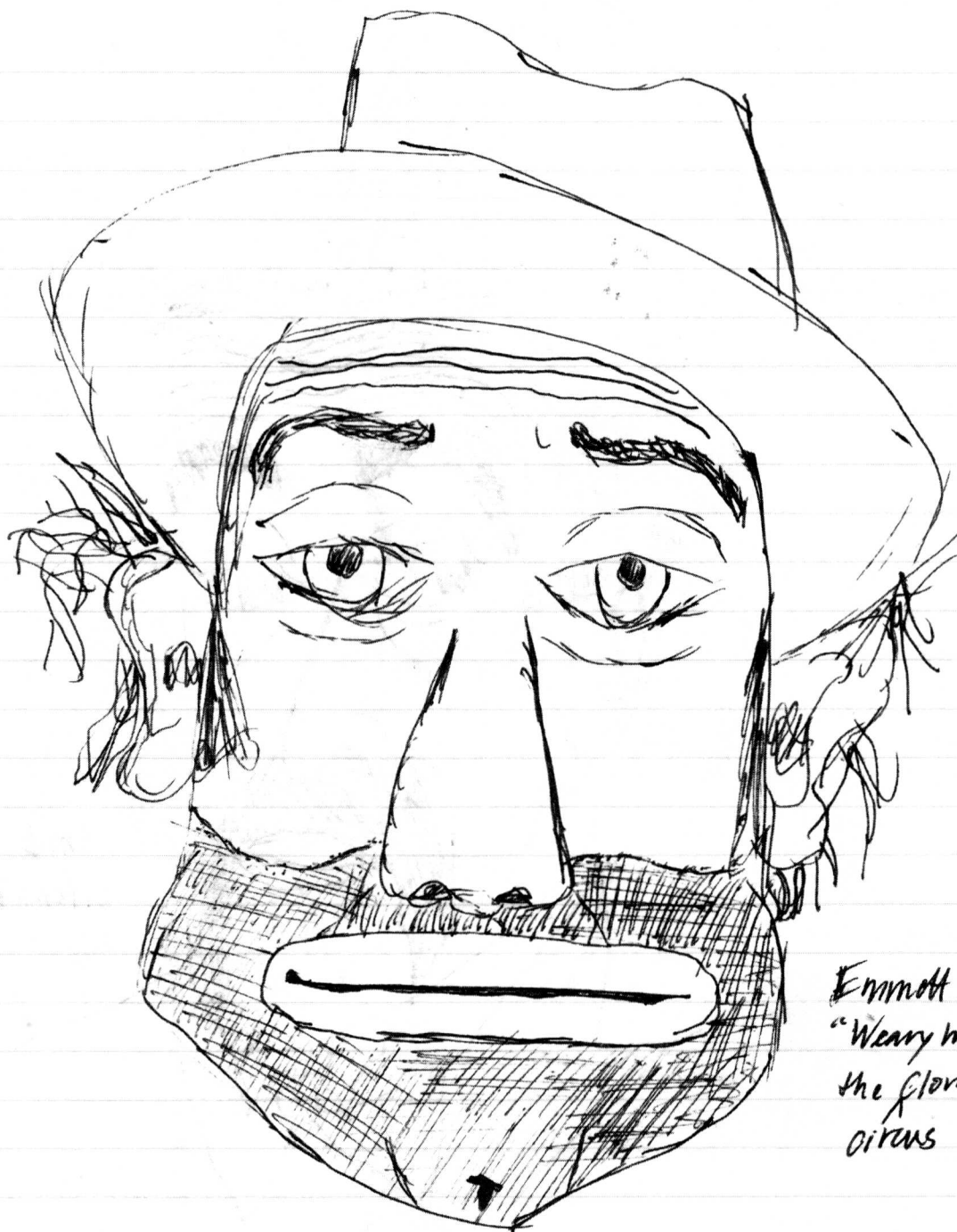
Let The Carpenters in. Watch on YouTube Todd Haynes' early film *Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story* (1987) that used Barbie dolls as the characters.

I know I'll hear her voice in my final moments, and see her sisterly grin as I drift into oblivion. That's so sappy it could be a Carpenters song...



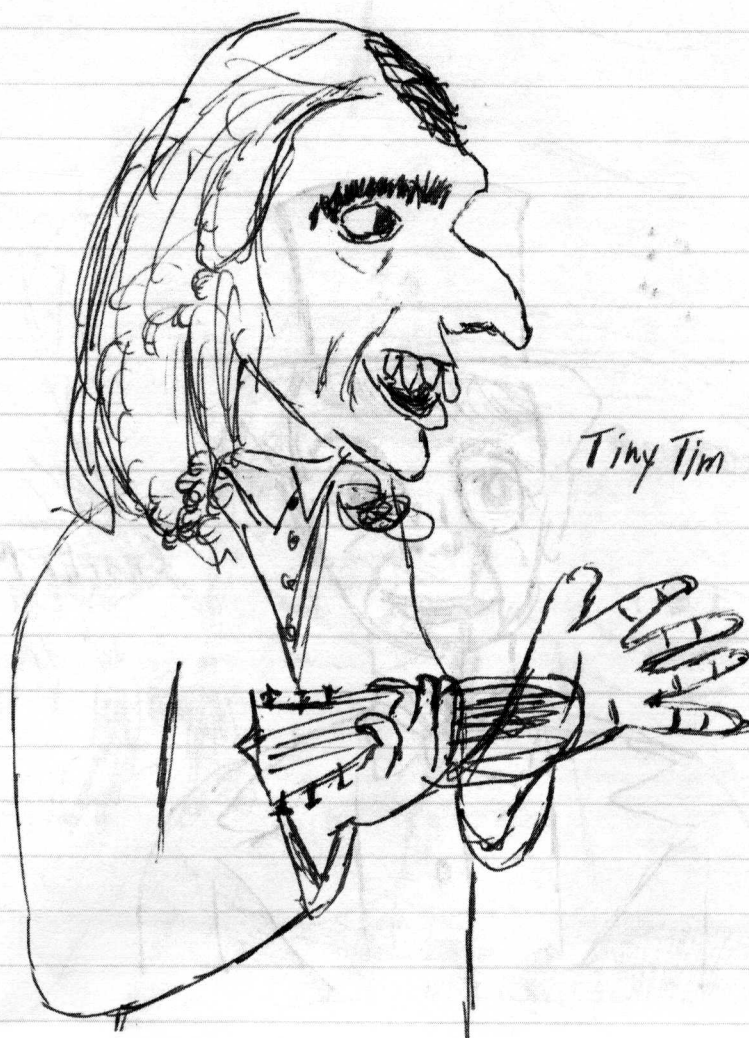
Karen Carpenter





Emmott Kelly  
"Weary Willie"  
the clown c. 1953  
circus





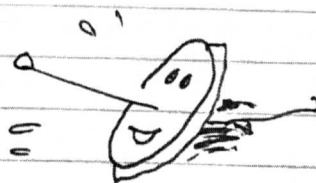
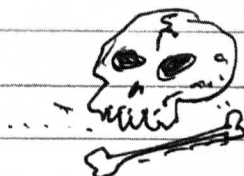
No one else I work with remembers seeing promotional ads for *SpongeBob SquarePants* before it premiered in 1999, and that's how I know I'll soon crumble into a pile of dusty skin flakes like Walter Jameson in *The Twilight Zone*. The art style reminded me of *Ren & Stimpy* and *Rocko's Modern Life*, which meant that, in my five year-old noodle, I had a date with Nickelodeon on July 17, 1999. Watching *SpongeBob SquarePants* marked a monumental shift in my brain as far as comedy was concerned, and was the gateway to many interests that would later manifest themselves in my life such as exotica music and tiki culture, but it was also the first time I ever heard the music of Tiny Tim. Near the end of the episode as SpongeBob appeases the ravenous anchovies thronging the Krusty Krab to the tune of "Living in the Sunlight." Was the singer a man or a woman, or both? Didn't matter. He was the voice of the rest of my life. Listen to all of his records, especially the 7" where he sings "I Made Wee-Wee in My Panties." Many thanks to Raunch Records for exposing me to this criminally neglected track.



Jack Wild

When I saw *H.R. Pufnstuf* (1969) for the first time as a child I was undoubtedly mind-blown by the sheer scale yet unabashed schlockiness of the set pieces, costumes, and puppets, but I was most impressed by the show's young star, Jack Wild. Not only did he possess a magical, talking golden flute (Freddy) and banging late-60s bell bottoms with bright, button-up shirts with gargantuan collars, but he could sing and dance with the greatest of ease. He made these talents and skills feel attainable for me as a child. The year before he'd been nominated for an Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor in the musical adaptation *Oliver!*, starring as The Artful Dodger alongside the eccentrically macho Oliver Reed and Harry Secombe of *The Goon Show*, an influential predecessor to Monty Python.

In the early 1970s Jack was a teenage heartthrob on par with David Cassidy of *The Partridge Family*, and buoyed by fame he recorded and released three albums. The transition from child actor to adult actor proved to be a challenging one for Jack Wild, and by age 21 he was an alcoholic. His alcoholism and smoking led to several chronic illnesses he suffered from for the remainder of his life. Eventually, Jack succeeded in attaining sobriety, even landing a minor role in Kevin Costner's *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves* (1991). In 2001, he was diagnosed with oral cancer, and following chemotherapy treatments his tongue and voice box were removed, thereafter only able to communicate through his wife. Before he died of oral cancer in 2006, he completed with his wife an autobiography entitled *It's a Dodger's Life* (2016). Witness his ease of song, dance, and humor in *H.R. Pufnstuf*!!!



Three  
Dith Dood  
waz  
Heere!

NOVA 10, 2024



# THE DITH DOOD

A.K.A. Steven Anderson

by Vincent McVincent

It's been a couple of months since I interviewed Steven "The Dith Dood" Anderson, creator of the long-running zine *Dithering Doodles*. I've wanted to allow my thoughts to percolate a smidge before collecting my findings into this here scribble piece. I hope it does justice not only to his enduring art, but also to his time and patience for allowing me to conduct the interview. Thank you, Steven.

My first exposure to *Dithering Doodles* came when I moved to Salt Lake City in the summer of 2022. Whenever I move to a new area I like to take a jaunt around the block to begin familiarizing myself with my new home. I was sauntering as a saunterer tends to saunter when my peepers caught a gander of some doodles printed on canary yellow paper, pasted to an electrical unit. When I took a closer look-see, boy howdy, were these comix a kick in the head! I felt an immediate understanding and kinship peeping those comix for the first time. I could see Harvey Kurtzman and *MAD Magazine*, I could see the Fleischer influence from Betty Boop and Popeye, and I could see that the artist was a sci-fi aficionado of everything from *Lost in Space* to *Star Wars*. And the references to the inherent and hereditary weirdness of Salt Lake City and Utah were reminiscent of

local filmmaker Trent Harris (*The Beaver Trilogy*, *Rubin & Ed*). But who was the elusive artist? There was nothing on the pasted page on the electrical box to indicate who was responsible. It was maddening!! To say I dug it would be vast understatement.

It was months before I encountered *Dithering Doodles* again, but this time it was undeniable not that this was the artist, but that no one else could possibly be the artist. He came into where I was working, dressed from top-to-toe in pilgrim garb, but instead of handing out pox blankets he was handing out these little stapled books printed on, you guessed it, canary yellow paper. He was also hiding them in books, so my boss instructed me to toss them all away. I collected all of the zines but couldn't bring myself to throw them away. I kept the lot and took them home with me.

As the months went by I'd periodically peep those bright canary yellow pages, seemingly left behind in nearly all my regular haunts and always at Raunch Records & Skate. I devoured every new issue with a hearty dollop of canary yellow hot mustard. I saw glimpses of the artist with every issue: his Bugs Bunny-esque dialect, reverence for our Utah environs a la Krazy Kat, and the countless references to

'60s and '70s pop songs. But I wanted to know more about this curious and elusive artist. With every issue he includes his email and Instagram handle, so I finally reached out to him. The following are my findings...

We agree to meet at Coffee Break, one of the scant all-nite joints in town, regrettably. I get there early and find us a table, lost amongst a sea of University of Utah students pulling all-night study sessions, coffee junkies, and incoherent mumblings from the homeless. Then, from the front doors, I hear an excited, slightly high-pitched voice from out of the din: "Here, have some homemade cartoons!" It could only be the Dith Dood. He attempts to give all who cross his path the new copy of Dithering Doodles before he sits down with me. To me, this is a large part of not only Steve's appeal as an artist but his inspiration as a creator: he proudly proselytizes his visual visions to all he comes into contact with. To the naked eye, there is no shyness or trepidation behind his approach; he has every confidence in his comix, whether or not the public will feel the same.

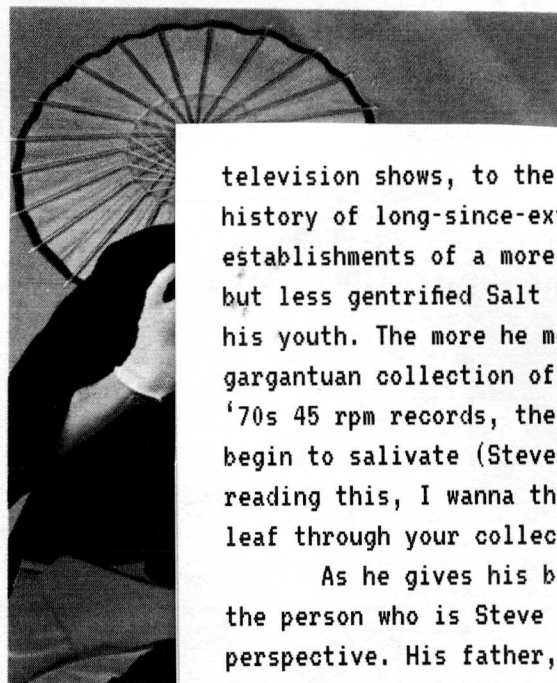
I flag him over and we begin to chat, and boy is it a hoot and a half! Steve has encyclopedic knowledge of everything from 1960s and '70s music, movies, and

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A child is enchanted by the gentle foolishness.

the first modern States featured

Today there are many actors of yesteryear



CLOWNING AROUND WITH A "COW"

Even their make-believe cow seems to be laughing at these two clowns. One of the clowns holds a bucket and pretends that milking time is near.

television shows, to the local history of long-since-extinct establishments of a more oppressive but less gentrified Salt Lake City of his youth. The more he mentions his gargantuan collection of '60s and '70s 45 rpm records, the more I begin to salivate (Steve, if you're reading this, I wanna thoroughly leaf through your collection).

As he gives his background the person who is Steve comes into perspective. His father, Milton Anderson, was a gifted cartoonist in his own right, and was even offered a position as a weekly cartoonist by the Salt Lake Tribune. Milton turned down the gig, not keen on having to shackle himself to an enforced weekly deadline. These iconoclastic tendencies are undeniably reflected in his son Steve, the Dith Dood. I felt a kinship with him as he recalled his high school days wandering the halls in order to evade his studies.

I sat in awe as he harkened back to his days as a disc jockey for KRCL in the '80s playing obscurities and B-sides from his thrifted collection for his show "Rock and Roll Revolution." At the same time, a young Brad Collins was DJ-ing another fabled show called "Behind the Zion Curtain." To think of these two legends converging in the same place at the same time is one of the few instances when I wish

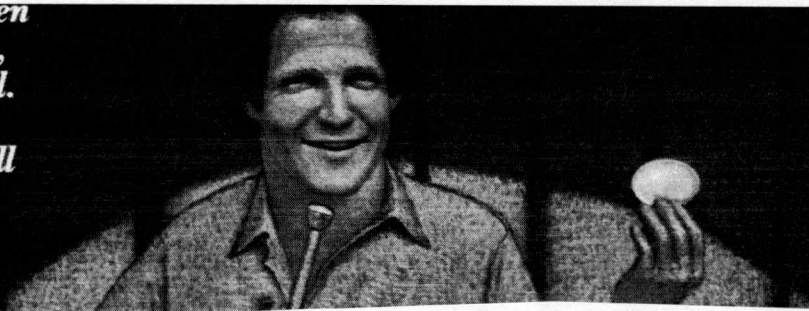




hollywood's moneymen  
call him unbankable,  
if they call him at all.  
his fans call him  
a comic genius who'll  
have the last laugh

personality

By PAUL SLANSKY



I was in possession of a time machine. I'd go back in a jiffy, pop a fresh cassette in the deck, and record both of their shows if I could. There's much to Steve Anderson to be impressed by, dear readers.

What I find most impressive about this artist is his tenacity and relentless vision for his work, liberated when he stumbled upon a truly iconoclastic art form in the 1990s. On a trip to the Pacific Northwest, The Dith Dood entered a local record store where an unexpected publication caught his eye. It was called *Saa Doo*. It was obviously handmade and photocopied, the pages stapled, but there was an intoxicating freedom to it, a DIY ethic that the Dith Dood began to glom onto. In the late 2000s he discovered the zine library in the main branch of the Salt Lake City Public Library, the largest zine library west of the Mississippi. Fueled by this revelation and his

previous encounter with zines, the Dith Dood decided to take the plunge into self-publishing in 2011. He's been self-publishing his zines non-stop ever since.

While Steve "The Dith Dood" could charge for his zines, and he has intermittently in the past, he most often opts to go into the red and give them away for free. He'll drive to Provo and Ogden to drop off free piles at various shops, and will print even more to bring along with him when he travels out of state, spreading his wacky gospels across the country. We're lucky to have Steve Anderson here in Salt Lake City. I know I am. Before I met him I was an admirer of his work and work ethic. After speaking with him, I remain immensely inspired. Here is an uncompromising artist, loosing his unbridled imagination to us without the thought of price. He is a treasure not just to us, but to comics everywhere. Thank you, Dith Dood.

Follow Steve on Instagram!

@stevenanderson282

ALB

IT'S THANKS  
talking ab

"In ever  
larger than  
Letterman.  
all bowling  
L.A.—he's

phone, he keeps going, 'No problem! No problem! What are  
people saying to him? 'A giant landed from outer space. Do  
you have a size-95 shoe?' 'No problem!'"


ALICIA BROOKS has always been on his everyday life for  
his richest comedy, and since he has spent the past seven  
years in the movie business, most (continued on page 150)

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Dean Stockwell  
as  
"The Boy With Green Hair"



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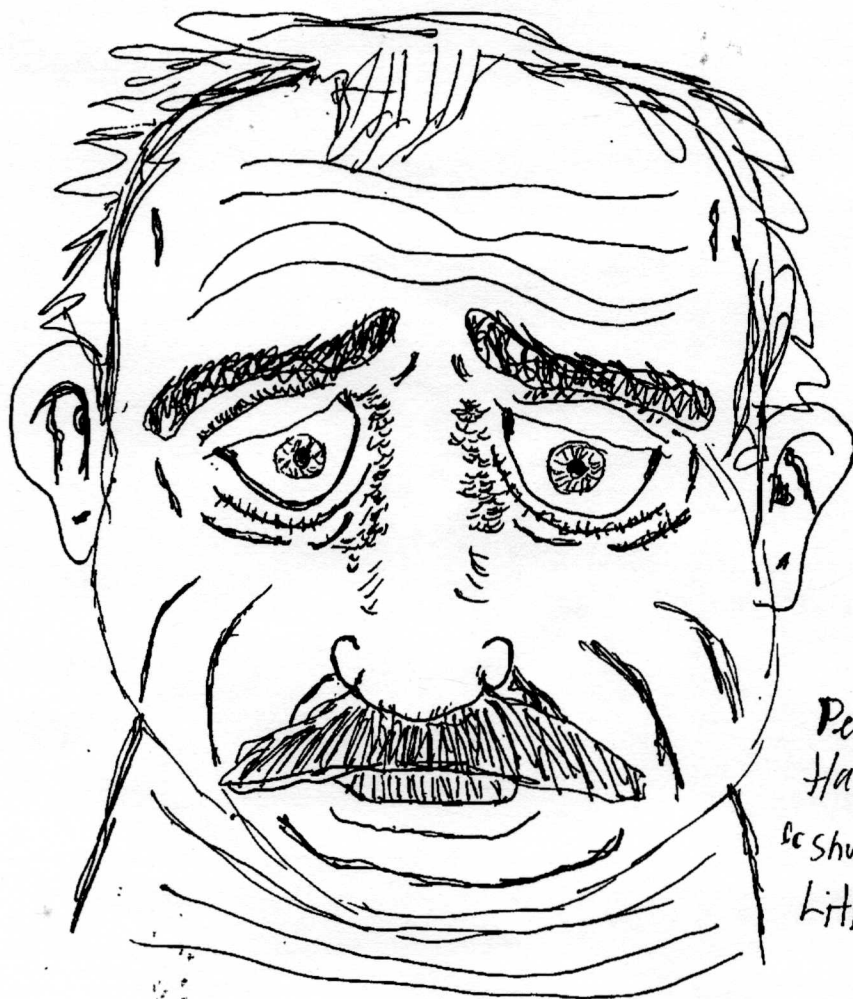
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Mon - Sat: 12-8<sup>pm</sup>

Sunday: 12-6<sup>pm</sup>



Peter  
Haskoff  
"Shut Up!  
Little Man"



# **\*HUMDINGER MARCH PLAYLIST\***

"Sentimental Journey" ESQUIVEL! *Cabaret Manana*

"Twist and Shout" MAE WEST *Golden Throats: The Great Celebrity Sing-Off!*

"You' re Breaking My Heart" HARRY NILSSON *Son of Schmilsson*

"Love Me" NICOLAS CAGE *Wild At Heart Soundtrack*

"Beige" KEN NORDINE *Colors (A Sensuous Listening Experience)*

"Angels of Ashes" SCOTT WALKER *Scott 4*

"New Years Eve in a Haunted House" RAYMOND SCOTT *Reckless Nights & Turkish Twilight*

"Why On Fire?" MATT BERRY *Heard Noises*

"Apeman" JACK WILD *Everything' s Coming Up Roses*

"Machines" GIORGIO MORODER *Metropolis (Original Motion Picture Soundtrack)*

"Rocko' s Theme" THE B-52s *Rocko' s Modern Life (Original Music From the Series)*

"Jumpin' Jack Flash" PETER THOMAS SOUND ORCHESTRA *Organic*

"The Girl From Ipanema" WALTER WANDERLEY *Rain Forest*

"The Music of the Night" RAMIN KARIMLOO *The Phantom Of The Opera AT The Royal Albert Hall*

"Child" LEE HAZLEWOOD *Something Special*

"I Fall In Love Too Easily" CHET BAKER *Chet Baker sings*

"Calling Occupants of Interplanetary Craft" THE LANGLEY SCHOOLS MUSIC PROJECT *Innocence and Despair*

"The Coffee Cola Song" FRANCIS BEBEY *African Electronic Music 1975-1982*

"I Got You Babe" TINY TIM *God Bless Tiny Tim*

"Checking Out The Checkout Girl" WAZMO NARIZ *Things Aren' t Right*

"Come On Home" THE LJADU SISTERS *Horizon Unlimited*

"Miracle Man" BOB CARPENTER *Silent Passage*

"Up On the Roof" CAROLE KING, JAMES TAYLOR *Writer*

"Delta 70 Of Hearts" ROYAL TRUX *Hey Drag City*

"The Day That Lassie Went To The Moon" CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN *Telephone Free Landslide Victory*

"Old 45s" CHROMEO *White Women*

# The Fran Lebowitz Reader

---

For Vincent-

Yours Pol. fan

Jim

CAMPBELL,  
VINCENT S

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*Fran Lebonitz*

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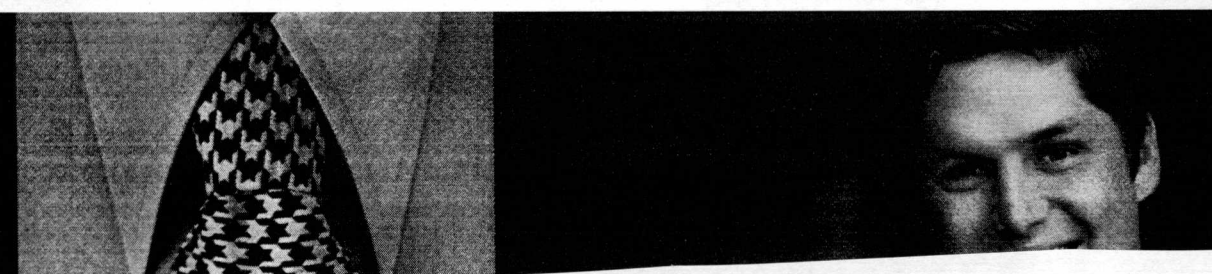


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Brother Theodore



At one point in the opening credits to Rankin Bass's 1977 cult-classic *The Hobbit*, you see the name "Theodore." Just "Theodore." Who was this Theodore? I wondered as a child. Who was that big of a deal that they could go by a simple mononym? When I got older I rewatched the film and saw "Theodore" appear and fade from the screen once again. With the internet at my disposal, I went to IMDb and found that the mysterious "Theodore" voiced the most intriguingly haunting, grotesque, and flavorful character in the film, Gollum. I also recognized his voice from another Rankin Bass animated feature, *The Last Unicorn*. His most recognizable film role was as Uncle Reuben Klopek in *The 'Burbs*.

After escaping imprisonment from Dachau concentration camp, Theodore expatriated to California, finding work as a janitor at Stanford University and hustled money from professors with his chess prowess. By the late 1940s he began performing monologues, such as Poe recitations. In the 1950s he moved to New York City, where his monologues grew more and more improvised and began to take a darkly comedic turn, now referring to his act as "stand-up tragedy." He was often described as "Boris Karloff, surrealist Salvador Dalí, Nijinsky and Red Skelton...simultaneously." In 1958 he performed a one man show in which he advocated that human beings should adopt "quadrupedism" and return to walking on all fours. In the 1960s and 70s he was a popular act on the talk show circuit. There's a fantastic clip of him berating and infuriating Jerry Lewis on the Merv Griffin show. He's sporting an unkempt bowl cut hairdo, black shoes, black pants, a black turtleneck, his signature look. He makes Jerry Lewis look like Dean Martin. After retiring in the late 1970s, he was convinced to return to performing, and made a series of bitterly wacky appearances on *The David Letterman Show*, where he was billed as a "noted philosopher, metaphysician, and podiatrist." On his headstone there is an apt inscription: "Known as Brother Theodore / Solo Performer, Comedian, Metaphysician / "As Long as There Is Death, There Is Hope." I think it was Merv Griffin who named him "Brother Theodore," because of his monkish garb. Whether it's "Brother Theodore" or just "Theodore," he'll always be a welcome spectre in the night.

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Stan Freberg



# \*HUMDINGER 2025 READING LIST\*

Addams, Charles <i>Homebodies</i>	Lord, Walter <i>A Night to Remember</i>
Addams, Charles <i>Monster Rally</i>	Lurie, John <i>The History of Bones</i>
Ames, Jonathan <i>My Less Than Secret Life</i>	MacDonell, Allan <i>Prisoner of X</i>
Asbury, Herbert <i>The Gangs of New York</i>	Mannix, Daniel P. <i>Freaks: We Who Are Not As Others</i>
Ayoade, Richard <i>The Unfinished Harauld Hughes</i>	Mannix, Daniel P. <i>Memoirs of a Sword Swallower</i>
Black, Jack <i>You Can't Win</i>	Mannix, Daniel P. <i>The Way of the Gladiator</i>
Boulle, Pierre <i>Planet of the Apes</i>	Matt, Joe <i>The Poor Bastard</i>
Bourdain, Anthony <i>Typhoid Mary</i>	McMurtry, Larry <i>Lonesome Dove</i>
Brod, Doug <i>Born With a Tail</i>	Nimoy, Leonard <i>I Am Spock</i>
Brown, Chester <i>Paying For It</i>	Orton, Joe <i>Head to Toe</i>
Burns, Charles <i>Black Hole</i>	O'Brien, Lucy <i>Lead Sister</i>
Exley, Frederick <i>A Fan's Notes</i>	Parfrey, Adam <i>Apocalypse Culture</i>
French, Sean <i>BFI Film Classics: The Terminator</i>	Portis, Charles <i>True Grit</i>
Friedman, Josh Alan <i>Tales of Times Square</i>	Purdy, James <i>The Complete Short Stories</i>
Gardner, Leonard <i>Fat City</i>	Robbins, Alec <i>Mr. Boop</i>
Gibbons, June-Allison <i>The Pepsi-Cola Addict</i>	Sante, Lucy <i>Low Life</i>
Glaser, Jon <i>My Dead Dad Was in ZZ Top</i>	Schelly, Bill <i>James Warren: Empire of Monsters</i>
Goldstein, Jonathan <i>Ladies and Gentleman, The Bible!</i>	Slim, Iceberg <i>Pimp</i>
Graff, Garrett M. <i>UFO</i>	Stanley, John <i>Little Lulu</i>
Grey, Rudolph <i>Nightmare of Ecstasy: The Life and Art of Edward D. Wood, Jr.</i>	Tarantino, Quentin <i>Cinema Speculation</i>
Griffith, Bill <i>Nobody's Fool: The Life and Times of Schlitzie the Pinhead</i>	Tevis, Walter <i>The Queen's Gambit</i>
Griffith, Bill <i>Zippy Stories</i>	Vale, V. <i>Incredibly Strange Films</i>
Highsmith, Patricia <i>Eleven</i>	Vale, V. <i>Incredibly Strange Music Volume II</i>
Jerome, Jerome K. <i>Three Men in a Boat</i>	Vilanch, Bruce <i>It Seemed Like a Bad Idea at the Time: The Worst TV Shows in History and Other Things I Wrote</i>
Kenton, Maxwell <i>Candy</i>	Waters, John <i>Liarmouth</i>
Lanza, Joseph <i>Easy-Listening Acid Trip</i>	Weissman, Benjamin <i>Dear Dead Person</i>
Leonard, Elmore <i>Rum Punch</i>	Weissman, Benjamin <i>Headless</i>
Leyner, Mark <i>My Cousin, My Gastroenterologist</i>	White, Mike <i>Impossibly Funky</i>
	York, Will <i>Who Cares Anyway</i>

Unequivocally in my doubt-ridden gourd, he's the greatest comedian working today. He's nostalgia, vaudeville, contempt, and passion personified. *Great Phone Calls* transfixed me with its series of delightfully demented callers preying on telemarketers and pizza shop employees. The saga of his divorce, estrangement from his children, his ceaseless efforts to scrape by playing the sleaziest hotel lounges from the continental United States to a misguided tour to Malaysia left me in a comedic stupor. His appearances in *Tim and Eric Awesome Show*, *Great Job!*, *Tenacious D and the Pick of Destiny*, *The Comedy*, and *Entertainment* were elevating. His music albums perfectly and uniquely infuse comedy and reverence for country, 60s orchestral pop, and lounge music. I once drove to Arizona to see him perform. I nearly lost my car in downtown Phoenix. It would have been worth it. When he finally came to Salt Lake City I got a picture with him and my friend, Dominique. I'll treasure that photo, and that night, always. Long live Neil Hamburger.



"But  
that's  
my LIFE!"

- Neil Hamburger



Duh, she doesn't look  
like a whale!  
at all

OY...

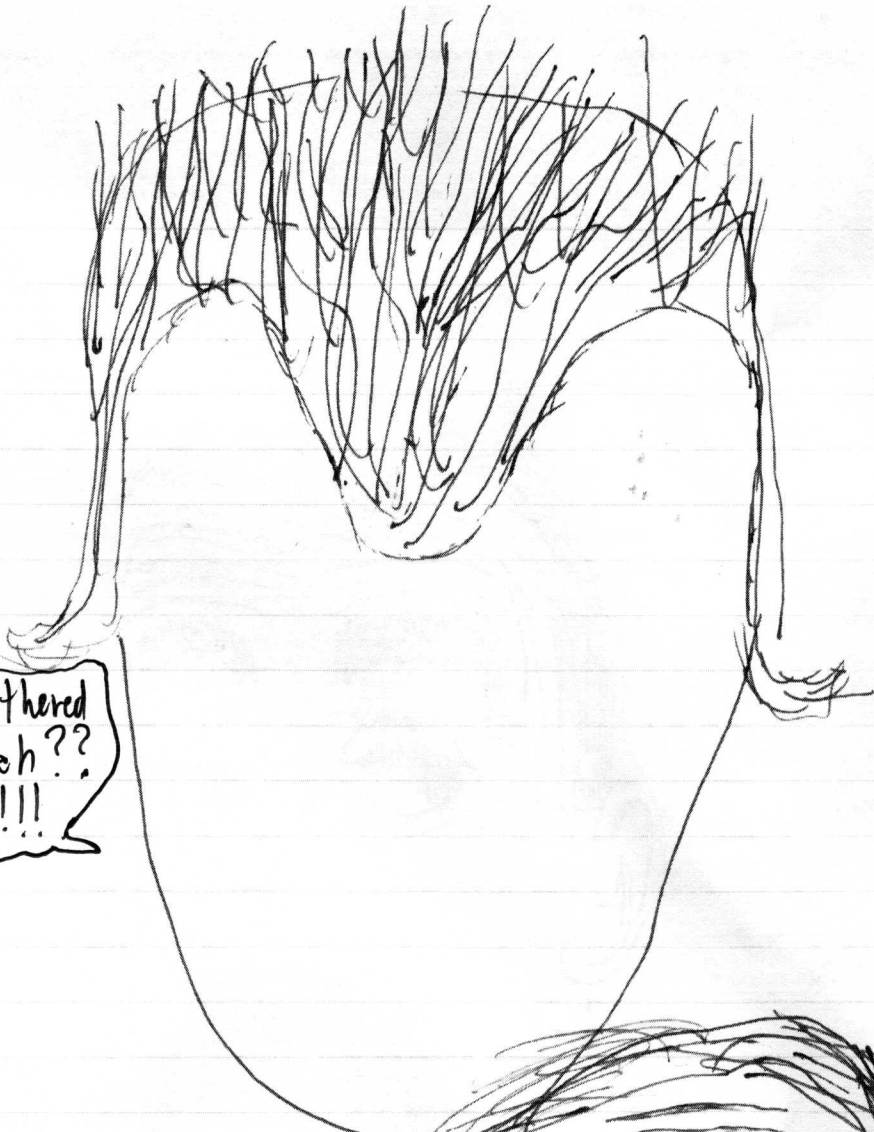
Egad, my good man!  
That's someone's dead mother  
you're gawking at!

I say, dead or alive,  
we're gonna dance The Charleston  
at the Trocadero...


Va-va-voom!!  
I'd drive in a limo in  
Paris with those gams  
any day of the week!

# \*A HUMDINGER OF A WATCHLIST\*

<i>The Little Rascals The Complete Collection</i> (1928-1938)	<i>The Three Stooges Collection Vol. 1</i>
<i>General Spanky</i> (1936)	<i>Vitaphone Comedy Collection Vol. 2</i> (1933-1937)
<i>Popeye The Sailor (1933-1938) Volume 1</i>	<i>Laurel &amp; Hardy Collection</i>
<i>Pierre Etaix</i> (1961-1971)	<i>Incubus</i> (1966)
<i>Penn &amp; Teller Get Killed</i> (1989)	<i>Roberta</i> (1935)
<i>The Street Fighter</i> (1974)	<i>Swing Time</i> (1936)
<i>Billy Liar</i> (1963)	<i>Showgirls</i> (1995)
<i>The Executioner</i> (1963)	<i>Head</i> (1968)
<i>Skidoo</i> (1968)	<i>Kiss Me Deadly</i> (1955)
<i>Nashville</i> (1975)	<i>Captain Kidd's Kids</i> (1919)
<i>Red Line 7000</i> (1965)	<i>Never Weaken</i> (1921)
<i>The Greatest Show on Earth</i> (1952)	<i>Safety Last!</i> (1923)
<i>Bizarre Cartoons of the Past</i>	<i>Speedy</i> (1928)
<i>Cartoon Rarities of the 1930s</i>	<i>The Freshman</i> (1925)
<i>Animation Legend: Winsor McCay</i>	<i>The Kid Brother</i> (1927)
<i>Knowing Me Knowing You with Alan Partridge</i> (1994-1995)	<i>City Lights</i> (1931)
<i>The Marx Brothers</i>	<i>Modern Times</i> (1936)
<i>The Ernie Kovacs Collection</i>	<i>The Circus</i> (1928)
<i>Space Ghost Coast to Coast Seasons 1-3</i>	<i>The Gold Rush</i> (1925)
<i>Mon Oncle</i> (1958)	<i>The Kid</i> (1921)
<i>Variety Lights</i> (1951)	<i>The Rink</i> (1916)
<i>Death Race 2000</i> (1975)	<i>Steamboat Bill Jr.</i> (1928)
<i>The Naked Kiss</i> (1964)	<i>The General</i> (1926)
<i>Sullivan's Travels</i> (1941)	<i>The Railrodder</i> (1965)
<i>Harvie Krumpet</i> (2003)	<i>The Passionate Plumber</i> (1932)
<i>Storytelling</i> (2001)	<i>Speak Easily</i> (1932)
<i>Vernon, Florida</i> (1981)	<i>College</i> (1927)
<i>Gates of Heaven</i> (1978)	<i>The Cameraman</i> (1928)
<i>W.C. Fields Comedy Classics Collection</i>	<i>The Animation Show Vols. 1 &amp; 2</i>
<i>The Herschell Gordon Lewis Feast</i>	<i>Moment By Moment</i> (1978)
<i>Under the Rainbow</i> (1981)	<i>Poison</i> (1991)
<i>Abbott &amp; Costello</i>	<i>Mission Hill</i> (1999)
	<i>Decline of Western Civilization</i> (1981)



Couldnt be bothered  
to finish me, eh??  
Boy, I oughta!!!



Mmmnghphfgtuumzx!





Dominique  
Westenskow



## VINCENT McVINCENT

Is an obituary writer, plural husband of Glenn Close, and former missionary for The Roberta Street Quivering Obelisk of Corned Beef Hash. Before releasing this zine, he purposefully dismembered his right leg by tying it to a rocket-powered skateboard ridden by Werner Herzog. Or was it Anton LaVey? Feh... In any case, they were wearing a fez on top of a powdered wig. He enjoys combing and styling his unibrow, Betty Boop, Tiddlywinks, frightening children and the elderly, *Planet of the Apes* (1968), sliced croissant bread, *The Twilight Zone*, and bowling. Let's assume this is true.



@HUMDINGERZINE

@humdingerzine

Say, Jack, wanna grab  
a drink after the show,  
show me how "wild" you  
can get?

es for CBS

@HuMdInGeRzInE

Keep your 'ands wheres I can  
see 'em, Big L!

@humdingerzine

@humdingerzine

Genuinely honored to end my  
groundbreaking & illustrious career  
as a Family Guy character!

March 5<sup>th</sup>, 2025  
XOXO



Jack Wild, "Oliver's" Artful Dodger



"A couple of swells"...

Lee with Trisha Noble



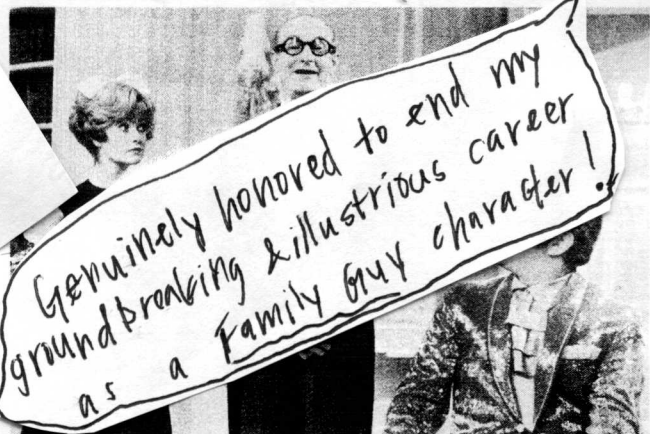
Liberace with Eve Arden



... and Phyllis Diller



Liberace and Matt Monro



Lee with show's regulars Richard Wattis

@humdingerzine